



Gabby Hayes[®] Western

A Fawcett
Publication

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GABBY NEEDS MORE THAN A HORSESHOE
TO GET HIM OUT OF A PECK OF TROUBLE
WHEN HE BECOMES A...

TAX COLLECTOR!



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W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



GABBY USUALLY AIMS TO PLEASE, BUT WHEN HIS BRIGHT IDEA TO JUMP THESE GRINERY BANDITS BLOWS UP IN HIS FACE, HE AIMS TO SHOOT!



MY BRAINS CAN STOP THE VARMINTS! YEEH SIREE! ONE GENIUS LIKE ME IS WORTH TWENTY PATROLS!



WE'LL TRY ANYTHING! SAVE OUR GOLD, GABBY!



TAKE ME TO GOLD CREEK CAMP, GENTS! I'LL SHOW YUH A PLUMP EASY SOLUTION TO THE SITCHYATION!

SOON, AT THE MINING CAMP...

WE MELTED ALL OUR GOLD, GABBY-- LIKE YUH SAID! BUT WHY?

NEH NEH! THIS IS A GREAT IDEA, EVEN FOR ME!



POUR IT INTO THESE WHEEL MOLDS, GENTS! WE'RE MAKING FOUR GOLDEN WHEELS!



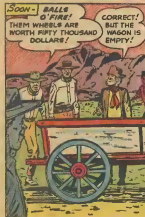
HUH?

AFTER WE PAINT THEM, THEY'LL LOOK LIKE ORDINARY WAGON WHEELS! NO DADBURNED CROOK EVER BOTHERS TO STEAL WAGON WHEELS!



SOON-- BALLS O' FIRE! THEM WHEELS ARE WORTH FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!

CORRECT! BUT THE WAGON IS EMPTY!



HAW HAW! WHEN I DRIVE IT TO RAWHIDE, I MAY BE HELD UP-- BUT THE FOOL BANDITS WON'T FIND A THING TO ROB!

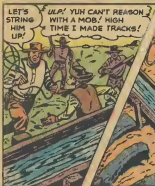
YOU'RE POWERFUL SMART, GABBY!

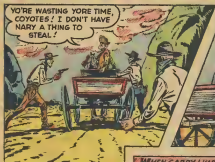
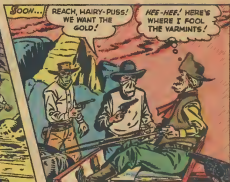


MINER NUGGETS LODGE TAKES A SPECIAL INTEREST IN GABBY'S PLAN!

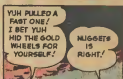
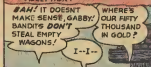
RECKON US BANDITS ARE EVEN SMARTER! AS LONG AS WE CAN PASS FOR MINERS WE'LL KNOW EVERY TRICK THEY TRY!

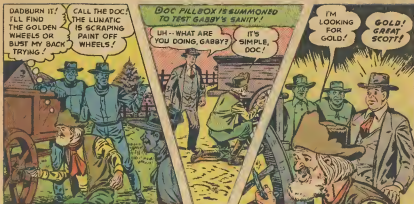


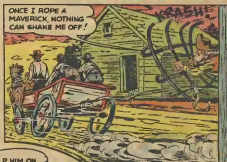
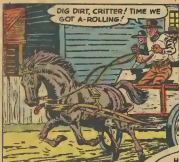
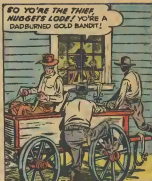


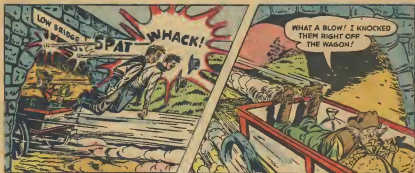


WHEN GABBY LIMPS BACK TO CAMP HIS TALE MEETS A HOSTILE RECEPTION!



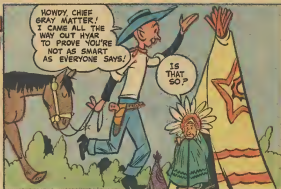


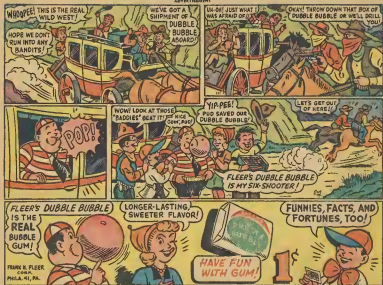




CHIEF

GRAY MATTER





AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN MARVEL!

BOYS AND GIRLS - THE POLIO SEASON MAY BE COMING AROUND AGAIN SOON. IF YOU WANT TO KEEP AS STRONG AND HEALTHY AS I AM, BE SURE AND FOLLOW THESE RULES...



DON'T
GET CHILLED!



DON'T
GET OVERTIRED!



DON'T
MIX WITH
NEW GROUPS!

**BUT
DO
KEEP
CLEAN!**



THESE POLIO PRECAUTIONS ARE RECOMMENDED BY THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS!



TENDERFOOT TREASURE

A Gabby Hayes Tall Tale



ONE MORNING, some of the boys who had been out rounding up strays happened to stop by at Sourdough Jake's cabin up on Buzzard's Creek. And there was old Sourdough lying on his bunk plumb dead, but no sign of foul play. He was one hundred and seven years old and nobody ever did find out rightly what he died of.

Now there's no need for any of you to get out your bandanas and take to weeping because Old Jake wouldn't have wanted anybody to be bellering and carrying on about him. He was a great one for fun and laughter and playing jokes on people. In fact, he played a big joke on the whole town of Rawhide even after he was dead. That's what I aim to tell you about.

Seems like Jake had written out a note that was a cross between a will and a clue to a secret treasure. He painted that note in big letters all across one wall of his shack. I can remember what it said as plain as the whiskers on my chin.

To Everybody That's Interested:

I have hid my nest egg where you birds will never find it if you dig till you come to China. But since I haven't got any kin-folk, I hereby will my gold to whoever does find it. Reckon a lot of you lazy varmints will work up a big sweat for nothing, but it won't do you a lick of harm, my fine, feathered friends.

He signed it, and then he added a PS:

There's plenty of clues in the above, but I reckon none of you bird brains will be able to figure them out.

Well, of course, practically everybody in Rawhide and surrounding parts started treasure hunting up on Buzzard's Creek. They dug enough holes all around Jake's cabin to house every gopher that ever lived. They tore up the planks in Jake's floor and pulled the bricks out of his fireplace. And my friend, Bodkins, nearly got himself drowned when he got a notion

that maybe the stuff was hidden at the bottom of the well. But nobody found a nickel.

This was mighty discouraging, for it was generally known that the old prospector had made some good strikes in his time and they figured he had a heap of gold cached away somewhere. But as the days went by and the diggers and hunters got nothing but lame backs and blisters on their hands, they began to give up one by one. In less than a month everybody had given up, and the only time the thing was mentioned would be when one or another would smile kind of crooked and say, "Wasn't that some joke old Sourdough Jake played on all of us? I bet he's laughing fit to bust, wherever he is now."

'Most a year had gone by when one of these here dudes — a feller that answered to the handle of Chauncey Vestbutton — came out from the east to put up at the Bar Nothing Ranch for a time. Now I, personally, don't much hanker to have these here tenderfoots boarding at the ranch house. I've got nothing agin' them personally, but a greenhorn on a ranch is always getting in the way or getting himself hurt and slowing up the work, generally.

But Aunt Hester loves to have them fancy-talking fellers hanging around and she can gab with them by the bour. She says they add a note of culture to the raw frontier. So that's why we had to put up with Chauncey Vestbutton.

I will describe him. He was a thin, pale fellow with a long nose and high cheek bones. He had on one of those eastern hats that looks like a soup bowl turned upside down and the rest of his clothes were about as silly.

Work was slack both on the ranches and in Rawhide, so the loafers had plenty of time to think up ways to haze poor old Chauncey. One bunch promised to teach him how to shoot snipes. They made him stand with his back to the horse trough and showed him how to aim

a double-barrelled shotgun with a triple load of powder into it. Then somebody hollered, "There's a snipe, Chauncey! Pull the trigger, quick!"

BOOM! Old Chaunce pulled the trigger, all right, and that gun kicked him backwards into the horse trough and soaked him with water from top-knot to toe nail. The loafers all laughed like blame fools. Chauncey crawled out, bruised and dripping, and said solemnly, "I guess I'll have to have a bit more practise with that gun."

Then the loafers howled some more, and thought up further devilment. They went through all the usual mean things like getting him thrown off a bucking horse and handing him the wrong end of a branding iron. They even got a 'wild' Indian to threaten to scalp him.

Now the reason I didn't put a stop to the hazing was I thought Chauncey was one of these rich whipper-snappers who needed some pummeling around for the good of his soul. You could've knocked me over with a feather when he came to me one day and in that polite voice of his said, "Mr. Hayes, I would like to have a job."

I told him I thought he was joking. Why would a rich man like him want a job? And he said he wasn't rich at all, that he had worked as a clerk back east and had used up all his life's savings to come west for his health. He said he didn't have much experience on a ranch, but he knew he could get the hang of it in due time.

Shucks, I felt real sorry for him. He was the sort of chap who wouldn't ever make a cowboy if he worked at it for a thousand years. But he was so earnest and serious I just couldn't turn him down flat, so I said, "This is kind of sudden and you better give me a couple of days to think it over." He thanked me and tipped his soup bowl hat. My, but he looked pitiful.

Some of the boys hollered for him to come on with them as they were going on a big ex-

pedition and they had a big surprise all ready for him. They rode away and I began putting my brain to Chauncey's problem. Every way I looked it seemed like there was no solution except for him to go back east and start clerking again.

But those loafers didn't have any pity. The scheme they had thought up was to take Chauncey out to Sourdough Jake's old cabin and show him that message on the wall. Then they'd hand Chaunce a pick and shovel and watch him dig till he dropped.

They had just ridden up in front of the cabin when one of the jokers thought he'd find out if Lady Mush, the horse Chauncey was riding, had enough spunk in her for one more buck. He dug his spur into her and the old mare was so shocked she jumped about ten feet, straight up! And Chauncey went flying up out of the saddle even higher and landed in the crotch of an old oak tree. The jokers were all laughing so hard they didn't hear what Chauncey was saying at first. When they did hear, they all stopped laughing and some started crying. Chaunce was yelling, "Boys, I've found gold! A heap of gold! Hid in the crotch of this tree!"

Chauncey Vestbutton, the greenhorn, tenderfoot dude from the east, had found Jake's cache that all the smart hombres had overlooked!

AND you know, when you come to look back at it, Old Jake had put in plenty of clues to tell that the treasure was up a tree. Like he called it "nest egg" and said "you birds" and "fine-feathered friends." He even said, "You'll never find it if you dig." I reckon I was the only one smart enough to figure out them clues, but of course, I didn't need the money!

THE END

*Laugh at the GABBY HAYES TALL TALES
in GABBY HAYES WESTERN*

GABBY HAYES

in THE LOCUST ROUNDUP

THEY'RE
A-CHEWING THE
HILLS BARE AS
AN EGG, GABBY!

TARNATION! IF THESE
LOCUST CRITTERS MOVE
DOWN INTO OUR RANGELANDS,
EVERY RANCH IN RAWHIDE WILL BE
RUINED! THE YARMINTS
NEVER STOP EATING!



HARDER TO FIGHT THAN ANY GUNMEN,
MORE COSTLY THAN ANY RUSTLER, ARE THE
GREAT INSECT HORDS THAT OVERNIGHT
TURN LUSH PASTURES INTO BARREN DESERTS.
NO WONDER WHY GABBY HAYES OUTDOES HIM-
SELF TO STAGE A LOCUST ROUNDUP!

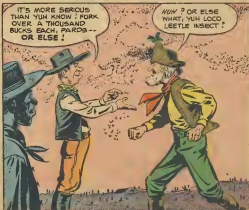
YEH HEH
HEH!

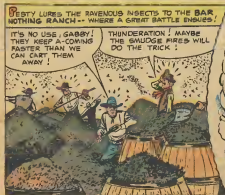
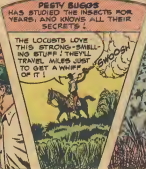
WHAT'S SO ALL-FIRED
FUNNY, PESTY BUGGOS?
THIS HERE'S A
SERIOUS SITCHYATION
FOR US FOREMEN
AND RANCHERS!

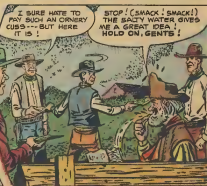
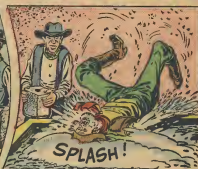
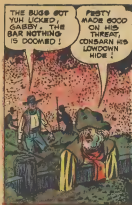


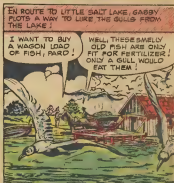
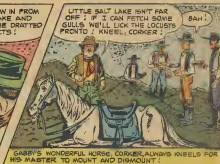
IT'S MORE SERIOUS
THAN YUH KNOW: FORK
OVER A THOUSAND
BUCKS EACH, PARD--
OR ELSE!

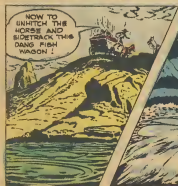
HUH? OR ELSE
WHAT, YUH LOCO
LEETLE INSECT?

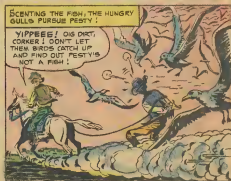












GABBY RACES TO THE LOCUST-COVERED MEADOWS OF THE BAR NOTHING RANGE---WITH THE GULLS NOT ON HIS TRAIL!

I SHORE HOPE GULLS REALLY LIKE LOCUST BITTLES!



THE LOCUSTS ARE SCARED! THEY'RE FLYING BACK TO THE HILLS!

HEH, HEH!



WAHOOO! LOOKIT THE GULLS GOBBLE UP THE CON-BARNED BUGS!

HURRAY! MUST BE THOUSANDS OF GULLS---AND MORE A-COMING!



YUH SAVED OUR LAND, GABBY! THESE BIRDS WON'T STOP TILL EVERY LOCUST IS GONE!

SMACK



NON WE'RE SAFE FROM THIS ORNERY BANDIT! LET'S BEAT HIS BARS BACK!

NO! LET THE GULLS TAKE CARE OF HIM. THEY'RE PLUMB ACHING TO PECK AT THIS BIG FISH!



OWW! SHOOO!

HELP!



YEOOWWWW! SHOO! STOP A-PECKING! I AINT A FISH!

HEE HEE! THE DABURNED TROUBLE-MAKER'S GOT HIMSELF IN A PECK OF TROUBLE! HE'LL NEVER DARE TO MAKE TRACKS THIS-A-WAY AGAIN!





LISTEN, WORM, BEAT IT BEFORE I BEAT THE TAR OUT OF YUH! I'M SO TOUGH, THEY CALL ME BAD BILL!



SO YOU'RE SO TOUGH, THEY CALL YUH "BAD BILL". EH? WELL, WHEN I GET FINISHED WITH YUH --



-- YUH'LL BE KNOWN AS "SWEET WILLIAM"!!



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YOUNG FALCON

and THE
CUNNING-
DEATH

HERE CAME A TIME IN THE LIFE OF EVERY YOUNG INDIAN BRAVE WHEN TRADITION DECREED HE MUST MEET IN SINGLE COMBAT THE FEROCIOUS GRIZZLY! BY SLAYING THE BEAR WITH HIS ARROWS HE WOULD PROVE HIS RIGHT TO BEAR THE TITLE OF WARRIOR! BUT WHEN EVERY YOUNG BRAVE MET TRAGEDY, YOUNG FALCON WENT FORTH TO BATTLE THE CUNNING DEATH!



ONE MORNING, AS YOUNG FALCON HUNTS THROUGH THE HILLS.....



BY THE GREAT THUNDER! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THIS POOR BRAVE? HIS MOCCASINS MARK HIM AS ONE OF THE ONADONTAS!

HE WILL HUNT NO MORE, THAT IS CERTAIN! HE HAS BEEN TERRIBLY CLAWED AND BITTEN BY A GRIZZLY BEAR!



THE ONADONTAS CAMP IS NOT FAR FROM HERE! I WILL TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS PEOPLE!

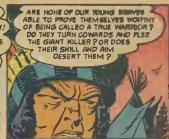


AT THE
CAMP
OF THE
ONADONTAS.



OUR THANKS TO YOU,
YOUNG FALCON, BUT
OUR HEARTS ARE HEAVY!
OF LATE, EVERY ONE
OF OUR YOUNG BRAVES
WHO GOES TO SLAY
THE GIANT GRIZZLY
HAS DIED IN THE
ATTEMPT!

ARE NONE OF OUR YOUNG BRAVES
ABLE TO PROVE THEMSELVES WORTHY
OF BEING CALLED A TRUE WARRIOR?
DO THEY TURN COWARDS AND FLEE
THE GIANT KILLER? OR DOES
THEIR SKILL AND AIM
DESECT THEM?



ONE OR TWO
ALWAYS FAIL TO
PROVE THEMSELVES,
BUT THIS HAS BEEN
EVERY YOUNG
BRAVE! I CANNOT
UNDERSTAND IT!

TO MEET THE GRIZZLY IN
SINGLE COMBAT WITH
BOW AND ARROW IS
INDEED A TEST OF BRAVERY
AND SKILL! YET SOME WHO
HAVE TRIED SHOULD HAVE
SUCCEEDED!



I WILL GO AND HUNT
THIS GRIZZLY WHO
CANNOT BE SLAIN!
PERHAPS I CAN FIND
THE ANSWER TO WHY
THE YOUNG AND
UNTRED HAVE
FAILED!

YES--IT MAY BE SO! YOU, WITH
YOUR EXPERIENCE IN MEETING
DANGER, MAY SOLVE THIS!
FORTUNE BE WITH YOU
TILL YOU RETURN!



YOUNG FALCON RETURNS TO THE
AREA WHERE HE FOUND THE
HAULED BRAVE!

THE TRACKS OF THE GRIZZLY
ARE EASY TO FOLLOW! BUT
SOMETHING IS STRANGE
ABOUT THEM, SOMETHING
THAT ONLY VERY CAREFUL
EXAMINATION REVEALS!



PERHAPS I OVERESTIMATE THE
CUNNING OF THE GRIZZLY, BUT I
SHALL TRY SOMETHING! ONLY
VICTORY OR DEATH WILL
TELL ME IF I AM
RIGHT!



I WILL WAIT THE
COMING OF THE GRIZZLY
HERE! THIS IS THE KIND
OF GROUND HE LIKES--
HE WILL BE HERE
BEFORE LONG!



PATIENTLY, YOUNG FALCON BIDES HIS TIME AND WHEN.....



AT LAST--HE COMES! HE SEES ME! NOTHING ESCAPES THOSE SHARP EYES!



HE IS CLOSE ENOUGH NOW TO BEGIN HIS CHARGE, YET HE WAITS! STRANGE--BUT STILL I BELIEVE MY THEORY IS CORRECT!

THEN SUDDENLY, THE HUGE BEAR BEGINS TO LOPE TOWARD YOUNG FALCON!



GROWRR!

NOW HE COMES AT ME, BUT IT IS NOT A FULL CHARGE AS IT SHOULD BE!

WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED, YOUNG FALCON SUDDENLY WHIRLS AND LETS HIS ARROW FLY AT A TARGET BEHIND HIM!



AS I EXPECTED!

HE STILL DOES NOT RUSH AT A FULL CHARGE! HE MOVES JUST FAST ENOUGH TOWARD ME TO HOLD MY ATTENTION! BUT I THINK I KNOW THIS GAME! WE SHALL SEE---
NOW!



THE SHAFI STRIKES TRUE AND HARD AT THE GRIZZLY RUSHING FROM BEHIND!



GRAACH!

INSTANTLY, THE INDIAN YOUTH LEAPS TO ONE SIDE AS THE FIRST BEAR LUNGES AT HIM!



Swoosh!

THAT WAS CLOSE! HE
WILL BE ON ME AGAIN
BEFORE I CAN DRAW
MY BOW AND TAKE AIM!
MY TRUSTY TOMAHAWK
WILL HAVE TO DO
THE WORK!



ON THIS ONE BLOW HINGES
MY LIFE! IT MUST DO ITS WORK
OR I SHALL NEVER HAVE THE
CHANCE TO THROW
ANOTHER!



GROWRR!

WITH THE FORCE OF
EVERY MIGHTY
MUSCLE BEHIND IT,
THE TOMAHAWK
GLEAVES THE AIR!



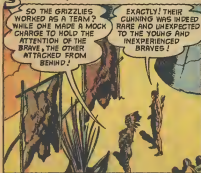
IT IS DONE! THAT WAS FAR
TOO NARROW AN ESCAPE TO
SUIT THIS HEART, BUT FORTUNE
WALKED BESIDE ME!



SOON AFTER, AT THE CAMP OF THE ONADONTAS...

SO THE GRIZZLIES
WORKED AS A TEAM?
WHILE ONE MADE A MOCK
CHARGE TO HOLD THE
ATTENTION OF THE
BRAVE, THE OTHER
ATTACKED FROM
BEHIND!

EXACTLY! THEIR
CUNNING WAS INDEED
RARE AND UNEXPECTED
TO THE YOUNG AND
INEXPERIENCED
BRAVES!



WHEN I EXAMINED THE
GRIZZLY TRACKS, SOME
WERE UNMISTAKABLY
LARGER THAN OTHERS!
THAT MEANT THERE WERE
TWO BEARS! I REASONED
THE REST--AND HOPED
I WAS RIGHT!

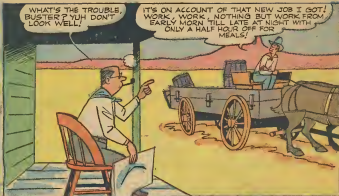
AND YOU WERE! YOU
ARE INDEED A TRUE
WARRIOR, YOUNG
FALCON....BRAVEST
OF THE BRAVE!



BUSTER and R

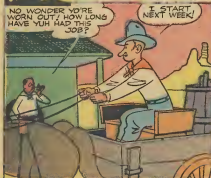
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, BUSTER? YUH DON'T LOOK WELL!

IT'S ON ACCOUNT OF THAT NEW JOB I GOT! WORK, WORK, NOTHING BUT WORK FROM EARLY MORN TILL LATE AT NIGHT WITH ONLY A HALF HOUR OFF FOR MEALS!



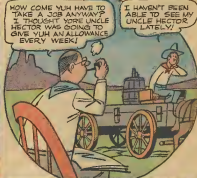
NO WONDER YU'RE WORN OUT! HOW LONG HAVE YUH HAD THIS JOB?

I START NEXT WEEK!



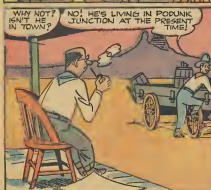
HOW COME YUH HAVE TO TAKE A JOB ANYWAY? I THOUGHT YORE UNCLE HECTOR WAS GOING TO GIVE YUH AN ALLOWANCE EVERY WEEK!

I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SEE MY UNCLE HECTOR LATELY!



WHY NOT? ISN'T HE IN TOWN?

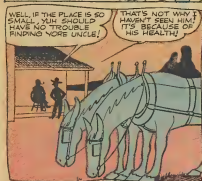
NO! HE'S LIVING IN PODUNK JUNCTION AT THE PRESENT TIME!



IS IT A BIG PLACE?

OH, NO, IT'S VERY SMALL! WHEN YUH ENTER THARS A SIGN READING "WELCOME"!







GABBY HAYES

becomes a **TAX COLLECTOR**

KEEP OUT, VARMINTS!
TAX COLLECTORS HEREABOUTS
COLLECT NOTHING BUT
BUSTED BONES!

OWW! WE'LL NEVER
COLLECT FROM THAT
MISER ABEL! HIS
RANCH IS LIKE A
FORT!

ABEL'S RANCH
KEEP OUT!

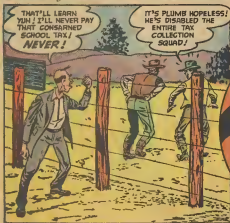
WHUMP!
TAX RECORDS

WEALTHY MISER ABEL CAN'T BEAR TO PAY
THE RAWHIDE SCHOOL TAX--BUT HE FINDS THAT
RIP-ROARING GABBY HAYES, PUNCH-HITTING
AS A TAX COLLECTOR, IS EVEN HARDER TO
BEAR!

THAT'LL LEARN
YUN! I'LL NEVER PAY
THAT CONARNED
SCHOOL TAX!
NEVER!

IT'S PLUMB HOPELESS!
HE'S DISABLED THE
ENTIRE TAX
COLLECTION
SQUAD!

I DON'T BELIEVE IN SCHOOLS!
WHY, I'M THE RICHEST HOMBRE
IN RAWHIDE COUNTY--AND
I CAN'T READ OR WRITE!



MISER ABEL'S ACTIONS AGAINST TAX COLLECTORS
CREATES A CRISIS IN RAYHIDE!

NOW WHAT, MAYOR
NAZZE? WE'VE RUN OUT
OF HOSPITAL BEDS
AND TAX COLLECTORS!

EMERGENCY
INFIRMARY

TARNATION! WITH THE
SHERIFF OUT OF TOWN,
THERE'S NOBODY LEFT IN
RAYHIDE THAT'LL VOLUNTEER
TO COLLECT THE TAXES!

WITHOUT THE FUNDS
THAT MISER ABEL OWES
US WE'LL HAVE TO
CLOSE THE
SCHOOLS!

UNWIND
YOURSELF,
MAYOR!
RECKON IT'S
TIME I TOOK
OVER!

LEAVE IT TO
GABBY HAYES!
I'LL MAKE
MISER PAY UP
PRONTO!

VERY WELL!
TRY IT--BUT
WE WON'T
PAY YOUR
HOSPITAL
BILLS!

ADIOS,
PARDS!

PREPARE
ANOTHER BED
FOR GABBY!
HE'LL SURE
NEED IT!

GABBY!
GABBY!
WAIT FOR ME!
I'LL GO WITH YOU!
I HEARD WHAT
YOU ARE GOING
TO DO!

SKEDADDLE,
TIPPY!
MISER IS
A PLUMB
DANGEROUS
SIDEWINDER!

THEN
YOU'LL
NEED ME
TO HELP!

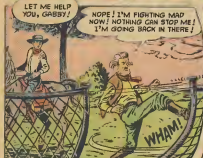
HOGWASH!
GABBY HAYES
DOESN'T NEED
HELP FROM A
LEETLE SPROUT
LIKE YOU! BUT
COME ALONG,
ANYWAY!

SOON, AT MISER ABEL'S RANCH-----

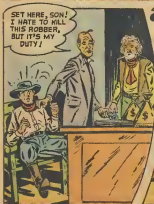
SET TIGHT,
TIPPY! I'LL BE
BACK PRONTO!

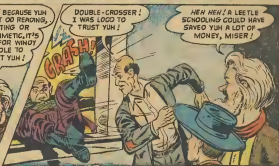
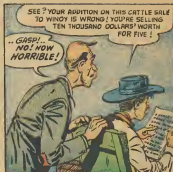
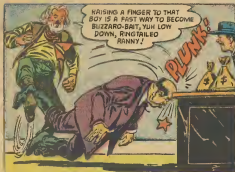
FRY MY BOOTS
IF THIS ISN'T THE
SILLIEST-LOOKING
GOPHER THAT EVER
POPPED OUT OF
A HOLE!











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